

THE GREAT STRIKE IN BROOKLYN N.Y.

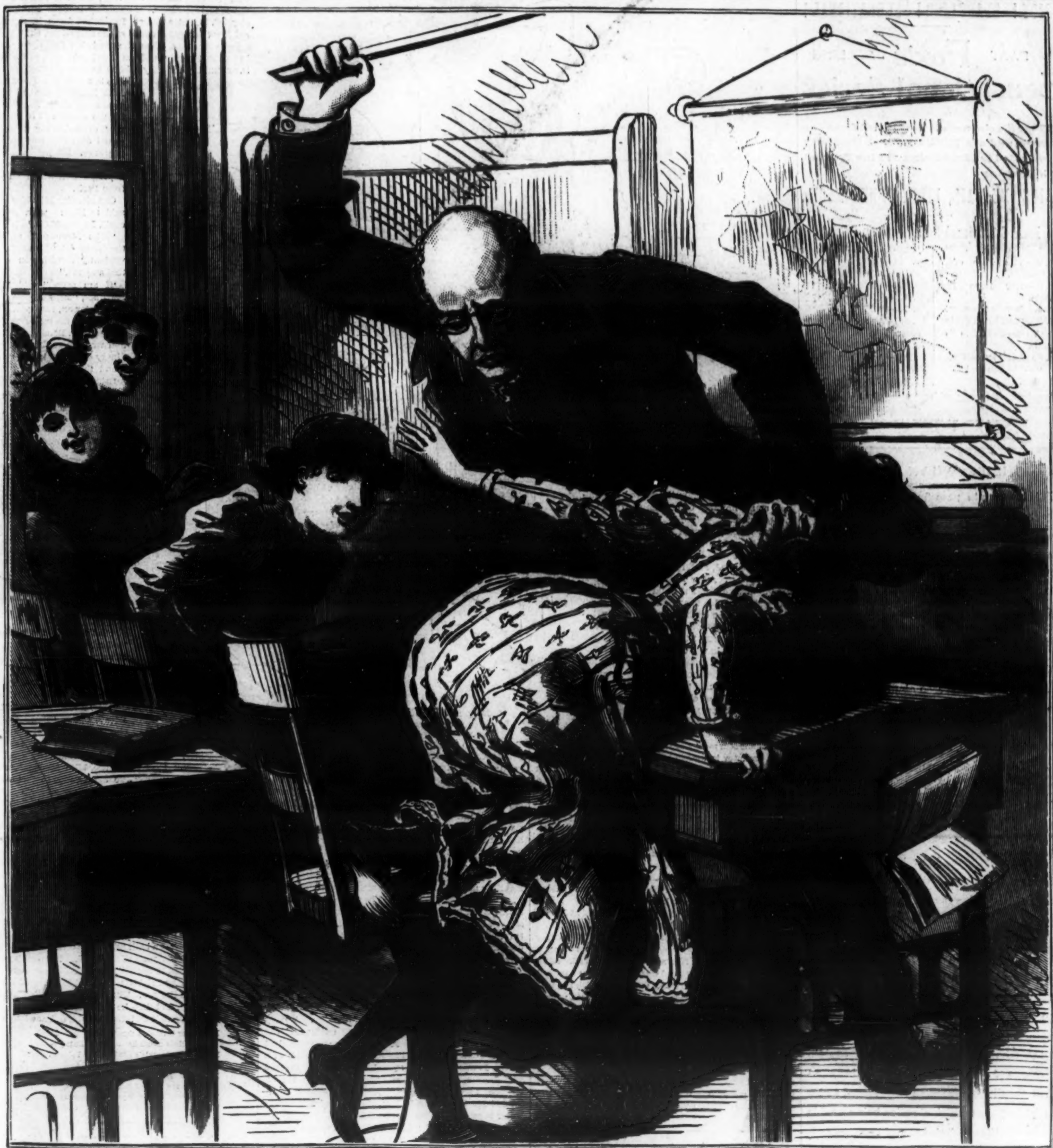
THE NATIONAL
POLICE GAZETTE
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX
Editor and Proprietor

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1895.

VOLUME LXV.—No. 920.
Price 10 Cents.



SPANKED HIS PUPIL.

AN ENRAGED PEDAGOGUE INFLICTS CORPORAL PUNISHMENT ON A YOUNG GIRL, AT SWAMPSCOTT, MASS.



RICHARD K. FOX, . . . Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE.
Franklin Square, New York.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1895.

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THE BROOKLYN STRIKE.

It is too soon to pass final judgment on the merits of the demands made by the associated workmen upon the Brooklyn street railways last week, the refusal of which led to the general strike. Public opinion seems vaguely to hold that the men have been hardly treated, being required to work unreasonably long for low wages. It will probably be found that this question is not one of fact, but of theory.

That is to say, in the present state of the labor market, workmen are so abundant and employment and wages so scarce, that, under open and free competition, the services needed could easily be obtained for the wages paid. But those who believe that actual wages ought to be determined, not by the price at which competition can obtain the work, but by the reasonable needs of the workingmen, will sympathize with their demand for a comfortable support, irrespective of the market value of their labor.

Economists will insist that, on the whole, the wages of labor, like the prices of commodities, must be fixed by competition until some other reasonable and consistent method of fixing them be devised; while employers will still be pressed by their own kindly impulses and by a charitable public opinion to deal more liberally with their men than a crowded labor market requires.

All this, however, does not excuse or explain the scenes of rioting and bloodshed that compelled the City of Brooklyn to be placed under martial law, the municipal police being unable to cope with the strikers. Some of the most salient features of this great labor revolution are illustrated by our artists and appear on our do. blo-page picture.

MASKS AND FACES.

The Successful Debut of Dainty Little Cissy Loftus.

CISSY FITZGERALD DEFIANT.

Lily Langtry meeting with much success in "Esther Sandraz."

LILLIAN RUSSELL AND HER PET DOG.

Pretty little Cissy Loftus, the idol of the London concert hall habitués, made her first appearance before a New York audience at Koster & Bial's last week.

Then followed songs sung by May Yohe and Eugene Stratton. The American girl's famous four low notes were deliciously imitated, and at the end of the song was the same little backward kick with which Yohe delighted the dudes.

Then came an imitation of Juliette Nesville in "The Gaiety Girls," the broken French being quite as taking as Nesville's, and "Marguerite," as sung by Letty Lind, Miss Loftus mimicking the other singer's small voice with truly remarkable accuracy.

So far there had been no change of costume, except for the cane and a high hat, used in the imitation of Eugene Stratton. And it began to look as if Miss Loftus was going to depend altogether too much for effect upon her voice.

But she excused herself for a moment. When she came back, she wore another simple white dress, close-fitting, low in the neck, and without sleeves, and a pair of black gloves, reaching above the elbows. She announced an imitation of Yvette Guilbert, the girl of the Parisian *café chantant*, who sings the drollest and naughtiest songs with a long-drawn face and the shrug of a prude. And in this imitation Miss Loftus gave evidence of more than the average ability as an actress. There was the look of disdain, the head drawn haughtily back, the get-thee-behind-me-Satan movement of her expressive arms, while her sweet voice sang the naughty words.

And that shrug of her shoulders—it was catching! But it was when Miss Loftus came again from between the curtains, arrayed in a clinging green gown shot with gold, bearing above her head a white scarf, as

you what we are going to do. We shall appeal the case, and, in the meantime, ask them to accept a bond. Then I can dance while they are fighting it out. In any case you know that my contract with Edwardes was for America. Well, the company goes to Australia shortly, and I don't believe that they can hold me for that. In any case, and I don't care what happens, I shall never dance under Edwardes' management again. I shall never return to "The Gaiety Girl" people—never—never. If Mr. Edwardes offered to quadruple my salary, I wouldn't go back. Why? Oh, because I wouldn't. You must admit that that is a good reason. "The Gaiety Girl?" Not if I know it. I want to stay in America. I like it here. Don't you think I have every reason to do so? I've been treated so nicely, and—well, I've made a hit. I never expected to do that. I told Edwardes not to send me, because I had heard that the Americans were such magnificent dancers, that I was afraid I should be a failure. On the opening night at Daly's I was so dreadfully nervous that I could hardly move. When I saw that they liked me—well, I was quite astonished. Yes, I'm very fond of dancing. I've danced as long as I can remember, although I have only been on the stage five years. I began at the very bottom of the ladder, of course, as everybody does, and went through the English provinces with one of Edwardes' traveling companies. I have a sister in London who dances much better than I do.

"And did you get along well with the members of 'The Gaiety Girl' Company?"

"Oh, well," said Miss Fitzgerald, with a laugh, "when they saw I had made a success, of course they didn't like it; that's human nature. They were a little bit vexed about it, and didn't quite adore me. But you needn't ask me anything more about them. I've finished with them forever. I must now go and telephone to Hummel" (she did not call him Aby) "and ask him if I can dance this afternoon. I suddenly thought I might be stopped. A nice thing if I marched down in my new red frock and got arrested at the stage door, eh?"

Sadie Martinot, when she made her first appearance in San Francisco with Dion Boucicault, was, as she now is, as cunning and jolly a dame as ever pressed her red lips to a goblet of Pommery. Miss Martinot used to tell a good story about Boucicault. In the years of his life the great dramatist was very conceited about his personal appearance. His long hair was carefully dyed every day with a preparation which he got from Paris.

One morning Miss Martinot said to Dion: "Mr. Boucicault, I want \$500."

"Miss Martinot," replied the dramatist, "I cannot conveniently furnish you with that amount."

"I am sorry," said Miss Martinot, "but I hope, when I call later on, that you'll be able to find the cash for me."

When Mr. Boucicault arose and went to perform the ordinary duties of his toilet he found that his hair dye was missing. He knew that Miss Martinot was acquainted with the whereabouts of that important article. He also knew that it would take him at least two months to receive a fresh installment from Paris in case his stock in hand did not turn up. At breakfast he said very humbly:

"My dear Miss Sadie, did you see anything of my hair dye?"

To which that gifted and beautiful lady replied:

"I assure you, Mr. Boucicault, I found among my effects a mixture to change the color of the hair which closely approaches yours, so far as I can tell from the label."

"And what is the price of that mixture?" inquired Mr. Boucicault, blandly.

"Only five hundred dollars," replied Miss Martinot, with a winking smile.

"How fortunate!" said Mr. Boucicault. "I've got a check for that exact amount

in my pocket." "And how fortunate, also," replied Miss Martinot; "I have the bottle in mine!"

Mr. Boucicault took the bottle, Miss Martinot took the check, and then over the black coffee they chatted about the weather.

Lily Langtry is meeting with much success in Sydney Grubbs' play of "Esther Sandraz." The piece is a dramatization from a French novel, which is published by Richard K. Fox. It is called "A Parisian Sultana" and it is No. 15 of the Sensational Series.

Lillian Russell has a dog that came from Japan when a very small puppy. He is a terrier, with black and white hair and a comical face, with a retroussé nose and big round eyes. Everywhere the beauty goes there goes "Koko." He has a pink cushion at the foot of his mistress' bed and a service of fine china, plate, cup and glass, which are carried about for him with religious reverence. He has a bath tub for his own self and soap and towels of his particular brand. His comb and brush are adapted to the silky hair of a Japanese terrier, and his collars and ribbons are kept in a box with his name engraved thereon. That this pet is spoiled it goes without saying, and that he is the one creature before whom Lillian bows is an interesting bit of knowledge.

In her dear little chin there's a dear little dimple.
A dear little mouth has this dear little girl.
Her sweet little style's unaffected and simple.
O'er each sweet little ear there's a sweet little curl.
Her dear little nose is just turned up a little.
Her hands and her feet are both poems, you bet.
She breaks off her words just as if they were brittle,
That dear little, sweet little, "waisome soubrette!"

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BEFORE THE PERFORMANCE.

She won instant and well-deserved recognition as an imitator of contemporary actors and actresses.

Augustin Daly brought Miss Loftus to America to take a place as a member of his stock company. She had a trial while the company was on the road, and, it is said, was a failure as an actress. After having seen her, it is hard to believe that she could not prove an acceptable addition to any company in which her talent had an opportunity for display, because, in her imitations, she differs from most of those who attempt to portray others.

She is serious in what she does.

There is not a suggestion of ridicule in her work, and she does not overdraw. In much that she did that night, she merely suggested the most prominent characteristics of several performers who are more or less distinguished on the English stage. Some of these have been seen here.

What she sets most store by as evidence of her ability as an imitator is undoubtedly her characterization of Mme. Sara Bernhardt, and in this she was the most successful, which proves the correctness of her own judgment, perhaps the most necessary part of the mental equipment of a mimic.

It was a certainty that she would try to reproduce Bernhardt from the moment when she first stepped forward from between the red hangings at the back of the stage, because there is a suggestion of the great French actress in her narrow drooping eyes—although they have not the deep blue color which is one of Bernhardt's eyes' greatest charm—and in her forehead, the poise of her head and the thin, fine lines of her mouth.

What the largest audience that has gathered at Koster & Bial's for a long time saw when Miss Loftus advanced to the footlights was a slip of a girl in the dainty white dress of a debutante, high waisted and long sleeved, open a little at the throat. Her abundant wavy dark-brown hair fell to her shoulders and was caught about her head by a white ribbon. The warm reception which she met swept away every vestige of the nervousness which, upon her entrance, betrayed itself in a biting of the lips. So that when she announced her first impersonation there was not a quaver in her voice.

She chose to sing "Tommy Atkins" as given by Haydn Coffin. In doing this she departed radically from the method employed by most English women music hall performers, as she did not rely on a change to men's costume. With only the dandy's cane she rendered the song in a very faithful imitation of Coffin's voice.

BEWARE OF FRAUDS!

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Bernhardt in "Izyl," by Armande Sylvestre, the stage being set for the murder scene, that the measure of her greatness as an imitator could well be taken.

For if it was not the divine Sarah it was a very sweet and nearly perfect likeness of her. Miss Loftus' face is too round for all the tragic lines that fill Bernhardt's mobile countenance. But her voice has that lulling softness in it that Bernhardt's has in her idleness, as if it had caught the fragrance and charm of the woman and was carrying it to the listener.

In all but the terrible moments, when she seizes the dagger and kills, and then raves over the murdered one, this little mimic is almost as satisfactory as the great woman she portrays. It would be expecting too much to ask of her to thrill us as Bernhardt does when she is steeped in crime, but she comes near it. She does not rave, which is a great deal. And in that lies her power, because she catches the trick of the original without turning it into ridicule.

The wonder is that the English ever let Miss Loftus leave London. She will, if she chooses, always find an appreciative public in America.

I met Miss Fitzgerald at the Vendome Hotel a few days ago looking smooth, placid and pleasing. A navy blue dress contained her fascinating entity, and she rustled as she walked. A joyous accordion-plaited dancing dress lay mutely inglorious over the back of a chair. It was intensely scarlet, and it was wreathed with flowers. Miss Fitzgerald was to wear it in the afternoon at a benefit.

The little dancer (she isn't an atom little, but it sounds better to call her so) was quite willing to talk about the adverse decision in the Daly-Edwardes-Canary-Lederer case. She realizes that the more she talks the more she advertises herself, and Cissy is not as absolutely ingenuous as her name would lead one to believe.

"I can't say," she began, "whether I shall be able to appear in 'The Twentieth Century Girl.' But I'll tell

LETTERS ON THE SLY.

Women Who Visit the General Delivery Window.

SOME STRANGE SPECIMENS.

Glimpses of How Amorous Young Women Conduct a Clandestine Correspondence

SOMETIMES A HUSBAND LOOMS UP.

"Like a confessional?"

Such is the pithy description a bright woman recently gave of the women's delivery window at the General Postoffice.

"There is not a woman who approaches that window who does not do so with a quaking heart," she continued. "The whole atmosphere of the place is—well, if not exactly ecclesiastical, at least grimly mysterious and suggestive of wrong doing and impending retribution. It really ought to strike terror into the stoutest woman's heart, and banish any thought of transgression that may have entered there. Yet it is easy to be seen that it doesn't."

"In what way do you mean?" asked a reporter to whom these remarks were addressed.

"Why don't you make some observations on your own account?" was the baffling counter-query.

The suggestion, though vague seemed promising, and the reporter took an early opportunity of viewing the course of events at the resort in question. As a result he is prepared to affirm that nowhere in New York can certain phases of feminine human nature be studied to greater advantage, and that, even if the woman's window is not a confessional box, one might be stationed somewhere in the immediate neighborhood without detriment to the spiritual welfare of any one concerned.

Not that all, or even a majority, of the women who have their letters addressed to them in Uncle Sam's care are necessarily in need of spiritual advice. Many of them are strangers in the city, and others belong to the great floating class whose terms in unhomelike boarding houses and uncongenial situations are of uncertain duration, and who consequently require a permanent address for the use of friends at a distance.

But the leavening of those whose use of the delivery window is dictated by the exigencies of a clandestine correspondence is sufficiently large to impart to the whole group a distinctive suggestion of the pursuit of forbidden fruit.

The very situation and environment of the window heightens this suggestion. It lurks in a deep, rectangular recess off the eastern corridor of the building. The orifice through which the letters are delivered is so small as to impress the beholder with the idea that it was designed expressly to cast an air of discretion and secrecy over the important transaction of transferring surreptitious missives to their fair addressees. The applicant is obliged to bend her head low in order to prefer her request, and she never catches more than a fleeting glimpse of the clerk in attendance. Nor does the latter enjoy any opportunity of "sizing up" his clients. Nose, eyes and mouth are about all he is permitted to see. But the tones—tremulous or composed—in which the initial inquiry is made, and the manner of receiving the letter, if one is forthcoming, or of meeting disappointment in the contrary event, sometimes speaks volumes.

The first few applicants for letters while the reporter maintained his vigil were sufficiently commonplace. Then came one whom the reporter afterward learned was a type—the type of woman who argues with the delivery clerk. She was a gushing young thing of about nineteen summers, and she was evidently unused to venturing so far downtown. She was also evidently unused to the delivery window, for she looked apprehensively up and down the corridor before fluttering into the recess, and it was in unnecessarily loud and piercing tones that she preferred her request to the mysterious oracle within. It was a demand rather than a request. She said:

"There is a letter here for me from Philadelphia. Will you give it to me, please?"

The reply of the clerk could not be heard, but its purport could be guessed from her next words.

"My name? Is it neces—? Oh, of course! How idiotic of me! Wait till I give you my card."

And she fumbled in her satchel, fished up a tortoise shell card case, extracted from it a piece of pasteboard which she passed through the window. There was a pause of a few seconds while the clerk sorted the letters in the proper pigeon-hole, and then evidently in answer to his negative announcement, she blurted out:

"No letter for me? Why, it's absurd! You're entirely mistaken! I know it's here perfectly well. Just look through them again, if you please."

The clerk evidently humored her in this respect, for there was another pause, after which she indulged in another outburst.

"But I tell you you're mistaken. You must have put it in the wrong box, or pigeonhole, or whatever you call it. Anyway, I know it's here, and what's more, I won't go away until I get it—so there!"

And it was only after much persuasion that she reluctantly walked away, and made room for a girl who could not have been more than sixteen years of age, and who, from her appearance, might have been a shop-girl, or possibly a waitress in some neighboring restaurant. She made her application timidly, and was evi-

dently in fear lest any besides the clerk should hear her name. When a letter was handed to her her face lit up with pleasure, for the first time the reporter noticed what a pretty and innocent face it really was. At first she seemed on the point of hurrying away with the letter, but her eagerness evidently got the better of her prudence, for, after a moment's hesitation, she stationed herself by a radiator, opened the letter, and began to read it. As she did so her face flushed deeply. Judging from the answering gleam in her eyes and the heaving of her heart, its contents must have been ardent, indeed. When she had read it through three times she kissed it impulsively, and then, seeming to remember suddenly where she was, she looked guiltily around her, thrust the letter in her satchel, and hurried away.

While the reporter was still watching her retreating form an ejaculation of surprise fell upon his ear. A middle-aged man—one of the constantly-moving throng—had stopped suddenly in passing the recess, and was looking intently at a woman who had taken the young girl's place at the delivery window. Her back was turned to the observers, but it could be seen she had a superb figure and was richly dressed. She received a letter and turned away, holding it in her hand, when her eyes met those of the man. At sight of him she uttered a half-suppressed scream, and the gloved hand that held the letter flew, as if by instinct, behind her back. Her lips parted in dismay, but she made a brave effort to smile composedly, as she gasped:

"Why, Henry! Who would have thought!"

The man advanced on her menacingly.

"Give me that letter," he said, sternly.

"Letter? I have no letter—that is, it is nothing—er—"



HER FIRST LOVE LETTER.

only an answer to an advertisement—for a maid, you know?"

"Come!" he said, in a lower tone, but not less angrily. "This is no place for a scene. You shall go home with me. But give me the letter first. So?" And he took it from her nerveless hand.

She made no further resistance, and the twain departed in gloomy silence.

And with this brief glimpse of a domestic tragedy the reporter's vigil at the women's window came to a close.

SPANKED HIS PUPIL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Gardner P. Balch, principal of the Swampscott, Mass., high school, a few days ago punished May Ferguson, a 16-year-old pupil, by laying her across a desk and spanking her with a ruler. Judge John W. Berry, of Lynn, Mass., issued a warrant for his arrest on a charge of assault made by the girl's mother. Mr. Balch claims that his punishment of the girl was not excessive or unmerited. He contends that his enemies have exaggerated the whole affair with the purpose of driving him from the town and securing a new principal for the town's new Folly Castle high school building, perched like an eagle's eyrie in the crags above the bay-side village. Judge Barry, at the examination of Mr. Balch, decided that Miss Ferguson was not punished in an unreasonable or unjustifiable extent, and discharged the accused.

DENNY BUTLER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Who among the sporting fraternity doesn't know Dennis F. Butler, fighter, swimmer, referee, manager, etc., etc.? Denny's last venture in the managerial line did not pan out well. After teaching Frank Craig, the "Harlem Coffee Cooler," all he knows about the flatstick, he took him to England, and matched him against Ted Pritchard, the middle-weight champion, in the fight which ended so summarily in the Briton's being knocked out in one minute.

A few dollars in his pocket and good clothes turned the "Cooler's" brain, and he "threw" his manager. Butler returned to America, and is now looking for a man to take over to England to beat the "Cooler."

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THE BROOKLYN STRIKE.

The City in The Hands of an Unruly Mob.

PLACED UNDER MARTIAL LAW

The First and Second Brigades of the New York Militia Called Out.

A NUMBER OF PEOPLE KILLED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Battle and bloodshed followed upon the occupation of Brooklyn by the First and Second Brigades of New York's militia, who were called upon to quell the strike of motormen in the City of Churches. With their ap-

preference this course of courtesy, rather than to assume entire control, as was his right. Between them they evolved an aggressive plan of campaign, in place of the wholly defensive one of the two days preceding, and the whole city was placed under military control. Bivouac fires were lighted in the street, and sentries paced the sidewalks for many miles. Detachments were sent here and there where trouble was expected, and the cavalry was ordered out to disperse mobs at distant points.

This was something like real warfare. It was mightily effective, too, in wiping out the widespread petty rioting of the previous days; but it precipitated the greater conflicts that came with the fog and nightfall. Nor were the police inactive. "You've got your clubs," said Capt. Gorman to his men, "and if you haven't got anything else in your hands it isn't my fault." That meant business, and before the day was over the police found their revolvers in their hands more than once, and fired them effectively, too.

The opening of the Hicks street line, which parallels the river, south of Fulton street to the Atlantic Ferry, was the occasion of riotous proceedings, which culminated in promiscuous shooting on the part of Major Cochran's battalion of the Thirteenth Regiment. The entire line was picketed with soldiers, and the car was preceded by a detail. Soldiers also rode upon the platforms. The orders were that all windows should be closed and that persons should leave the street and the roofs, for the neighborhood was a naturally turbulent one, and disturbance was feared. All residents along the line were warned that if they did not keep out of sight when the car came there would be trouble.

Nevertheless, stones were thrown from windows and rooftops and shots were fired at the troops. The order was then given to fire at all open windows and at rooftops where men were to be seen. The result was a fusillade throughout the whole adventurous journey, in which windows were smashed. The street, it is needless to say, was cleared in a twinkling before the advance of the car. But this was not accomplished without bloodshed. Thomas Carney, a roofer engaged at work upon a house-top, was fatally shot.

Henry Ahrens, the unfortunate victim of a foolish attempt to run the picket line of the Seventh Regiment at Halsey street, died. This was the first death of the strike. It is an unfortunate fact that both Ahrens and Carney were apparently innocent of the rioting which the militia was called out to subdue.

The shooting of those two men by the pickets of the Seventh was the cause of no end of discussion. It seemed hard to the public that men should be deliberately shot down whose offense was nothing more than trifling with the picket lines of a militia regiment in the heart of a great city. There were many who condemned the shooting without stint, and all, whether they condemned or approved, were greatly shocked. Of course, this was military law, and the act was approved in interviews had with every military officer in the two brigades. Naturally neither Mayor Schieren nor any other public official would discuss the matter.

Preceding the affair in Hicks street there were numerous minor conflicts of authority. It was business with the militia. They had orders to shoot only when necessary, but when necessary, to shoot to kill. There was some shooting in different parts of the city in order to frighten mobs, but not provoked by assault. There was also a lively time over the opening of the big Third avenue line and a spirited and picturesque charge by Troop A upon a mob of strikers near Fifty-second street. The city is still in a state bordering on distraction. The turn affairs have taken since the soldiers have shown with real lead that they meant business was very disquieting, and Brooklyn folks were anxiously fearing outbreaks and bloodshed in every quarter. At no time since the beginning of the strike have as few women appeared in the streets, although their absence has been noticed for a week. To the eye Brooklyn is populated by men only.

At Thirteenth street and Fifth avenue two women stood on the corner of the streets and around them stood a crowd of strikers. As a Fifth avenue car passed, the women hailed it and it stopped for them. The car was immediately surrounded by the men, and the women boarded it. Then they drew pistols from under their shawls and ordered the conductor and motorman to stop work. The men leaped from the car and left the invaders in possession. One of the strikers then started the car and left the brake off. He jumped off before the car had gained much headway. When the car passed the stables at Twenty-fourth street and Fifth avenue it was traveling at a high rate of speed. One of the men standing there noticed that the car was running wild, and jumped aboard the rear platform and soon had it at a standstill. It was brought to a halt just in time to avoid a collision with a buggy, in which two ladies were riding.

In other parts of the town there were similar disturbances. The opening of the Fifteenth Street Line, near Prospect Park, was the occasion for a lively charge or two by Major Cochran's command of the Thirteenth Regiment, in which bayonets were used freely. And the cars leaving this depot, at Ninth avenue and Twentieth street, were accompanied all the way through their course by details of troops. Their experiences were interesting and in some instances exciting.

In its general features, the strike in Brooklyn developed no change whatever. The issue as between the companies and the strikers is as far from settlement as ever. Though beaten by the troops, the strikers still hold the companies at their mercy, and they are very jubilant. They express the utmost confidence of eventually winning.

The question of the end of the strike is one at which a guess cannot even be hazarded. While the strikers seem to have plenty of money, and assumed an aggressive rather than a defensive attitude there is a disposition on the part of the civic and military authorities to fight it out to the bitter end.

However unfounded have been the claims of the companies upon which it was thought necessary to summon the troops to the scene, the issue is now regarded as no longer between the companies and the strikers. The issue is now between authority and organized riot, and the war will be fought out upon these lines.

While Mayor Schieren expressed the opinion that no more troops would be needed in Brooklyn, he also said, with a significant nod of his head, that law and order must prevail in the city if the entire military force of the State had to be called into requisition.

HUMAN NATURE!

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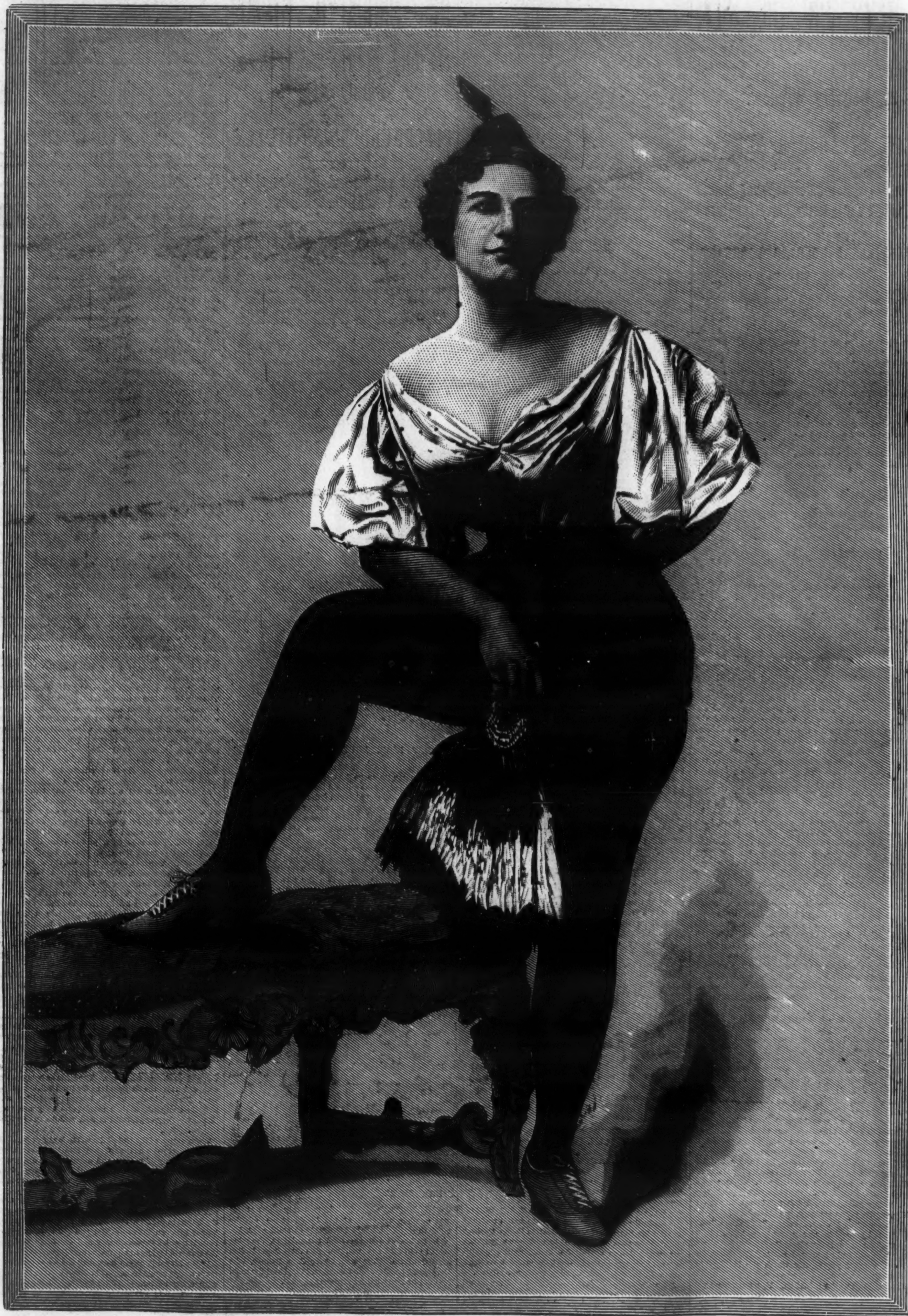


CALLING FOR HER MAIL.

was another outbreak at the headquarters of the Seventh regiment, at the Halsey street stables. A big mob gathered and assaulted the soldiers, throwing stones out of the fog. Col. Appleton thereupon detailed a party of thirty-five men, under Capt. Palmer, who fired several volleys into the fog and dispersed the mob. It is not known whether any were injured.

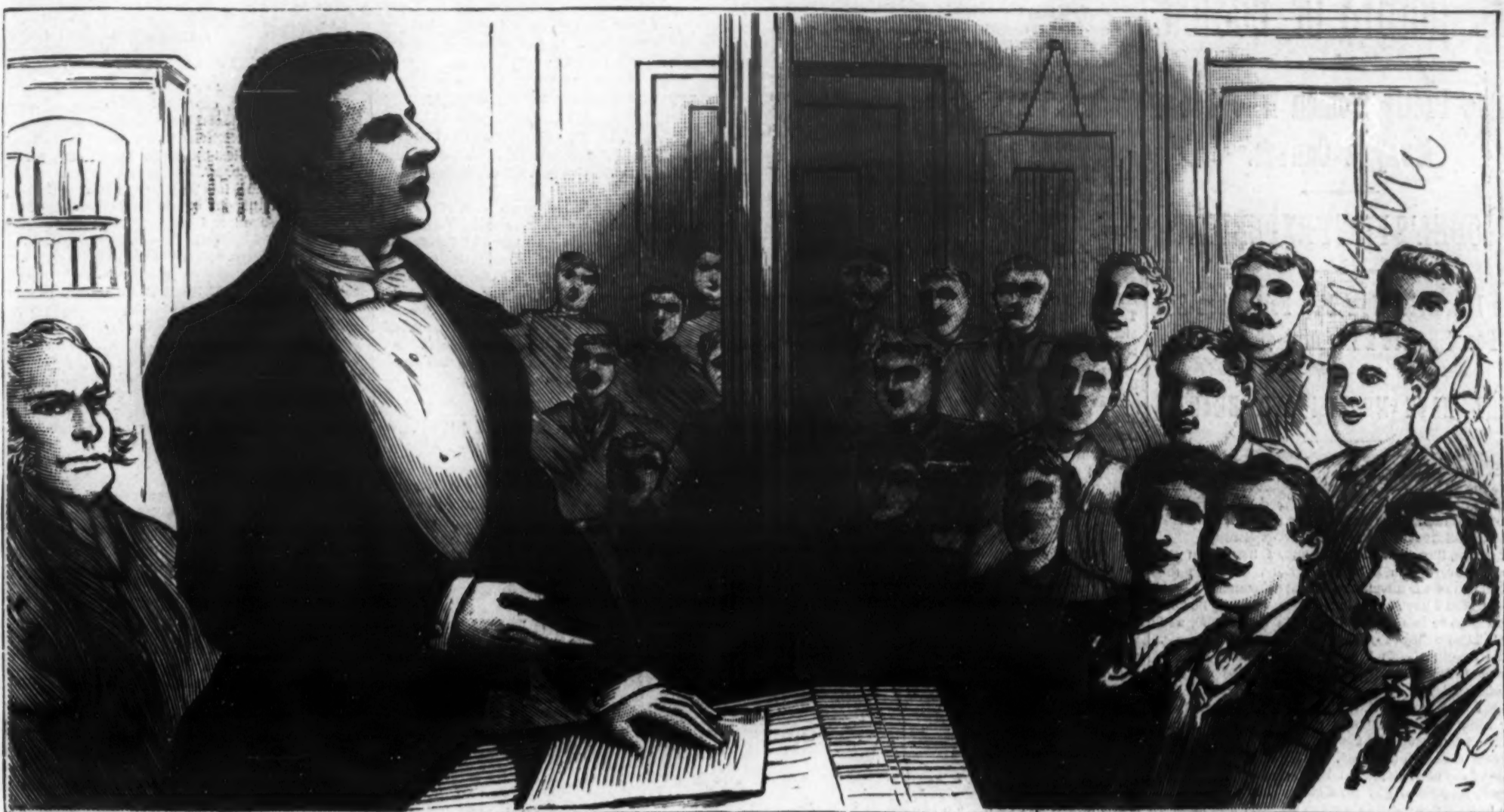
The Thirteenth also had a brush with a mob in Third avenue, near Fifty-third street, and one shot was fired. The First Brigade, 4,000 strong, crossed the bridge before daylight and occupied the important points in the city, the local troops of the Second Brigade being massed principally in South Brooklyn.

A total change in plan followed upon the arrival of the First Brigade. Gen. Fitzgerald shared evenly with Gen. McLeer the honor and the authority of control,



INEZ RAE.

A DIVINELY SHAPED BLONDE, WHO IS A POPULAR MEMBER OF WARD AND VOKES COMPANY.



CORBETT AS A LECTURER.

THE CHAMPION AMERICAN PUGILIST ASSUMES A NEW ROLE WITH MUCH SUCCESS, AT NASHVILLE, TENN.



WOMEN ENGAGE IN BATTLE.

ONE YOUNG GIRL STABS THREE OTHERS AND INFLECTS SOME VERY SERIOUS WOUNDS, AT DOUGLAS, GA.

THE TRILBYS OF BOSTON.

Some Pretty Women Who Adorn
Many a Canvas.

A MODEL'S FIRST EXPERIENCE

She Describes How She Felt When She
Posed Before a Roomful of Artists.

THEY HAVE HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

I have called upon some of the pretty women who serve the artists of Boston as models, and I found them as interesting as they are beautiful. It comes so natural to couple Du Maurier's Trilby with artist models that that thought went with me when I went visiting.

Of course, like other young women, I have seen the ideal picture of the Bohemian Trilby, but even the skillful pen of the novelist could not draw more lovely Trilbys than I have found in the flesh right in Boston. There must be lots of Little Billies in Boston, too, and for all I know they may each of them have a *fiancee*. If the beautiful girls I have seen are among them, why the Little Billies or the Big Billies have my congratulations.

This I want to say for my Trilbys: Not one of them ever sang "Ben Holt," and the nobility has never showered bouquets upon them. But they are just as interesting as though they had.

One of the most celebrated Boston models is Adelle Gregori, a beautiful girl from sunny Italy. She was born in Venice, as well as her five brothers and sisters, who have all been and are models. She has been posing for eleven years. She has beautiful dark brown eyes, that grow large and brilliant as she talks. They sparkle with enthusiasm when she speaks of the artists she likes and admires. Her complexion is exquisite, her teeth even and white, her hair waves naturally about her face, and she is without a doubt one of the most beautiful girls of her type in Boston. She lives at home with her parents, a bright, modest girl. She has posed for nearly all the notable artists of Boston, including Mrs. Montgomery Sears, Mr. Clements, Mr. Window, Mr. Tompkins, Miss Whipple, Miss Lamb, Miss Ellis, Mrs. Arthur Rotch, Miss Johnston and Mr. Joseph Linden Smith. The latter artist has made a picture of her which is to be hung in the new Public Library. It is called "The Venetian Girl." Her favorite picture of herself is the one by Mr. Wallace Bryant, "The Venetian Violet Girl," and which is now owned by the Matthews family, on Commonwealth avenue.

Mr. Wallace Bryant is a Boston artist studying in Paris. He was the successful competitor of the annual concours at Julian's Academy. He is the first American to whom this prize has ever been awarded. Adelle Gregori has never posed for the figure, only for the head and in costume. She says that it makes her very angry when they ask her to pose for the figure after she has refused them once or twice. She sits four or five hours a day without tiring, although it was hard at first. She is busy all the time. "Most of the models, the good models," she says, "go to New York, because they have more to do and get better pay, but I am contented in Boston."

The dainty face and figure of Miss Elizabeth Ayres was upon the cover of the Washington's Birthday number of the *Youth's Companion*, designed by Mr. Copeland. She had a piquant, girlish face, as charming in its way as Adelle Gregori's, but an entirely different type. She was born in Baltimore. When only 15 she taught a kindergarten school in Philadelphia. "And, oh! didn't I love those children, and, I guess, they loved me," she said in her pretty way. "When I came away the whole fifty-five of them came to the station with me. They all kissed me good-bye and every one cried. Then I did typewriting for a while, but that is so monotonous and tiresome and I grew impatient, for I am ambitious and want to do something better than that. I want to learn to draw and sketch. Perhaps in time I can be an illustrator. I could think of nothing else to do, so posing suggested itself to me. I have a good figure, and, so far, have done remarkably well. I like all the artists, they are so kind to me and such gentlemen. I wish they were all my brothers. That is the way I like men. I should like to have about 250 brothers. One of them has offered to give me lessons, if I pose for him a little while once a week, or so, and, oh! I hope I shall get along."

"Yes; it was awful at first," she replied, in answer to a question. "I thought I should die, and I sort of made the plunge all at once, too. It was this way: There were one or two artists in the room when I went behind the screen to get ready; two or three more came in, and I thought I never could do it. I was all ready, but I did not come out. I stood there. Then I began to jump into my clothes as fast as I could. I was going to run home. One of the artists who knew it was my first time and suspected from the length of time I took what was the matter, asked me if I was not nearly ready. I told him in a trembling voice I could not. They all laughed at me, and said it was merely a matter of business and that I might as well get over my embarrassment first as last. It was quite dark in the room and this, together with a little silken scarf they threw over to me, relieved my feelings a trifle. I fancied they could not see very plainly. I wound the scarf carefully around myself, and then came out hesitatingly, not quite decided yet whether I should not run for the door and home, silk scarf and all. I stood up on the platform, where the model sits or stands, and felt comparatively secure as it grew darker all the time. Suddenly they turned the electric lights full upon me, and I

thought I should die. Oh! you can't imagine what an awful feeling it was. Finally I had to even drop my bit of silk scarf that I had clung to like a drowning man to a straw. Do you know, really I did not feel so bad without it as I had felt trying to hide behind it. They commended and criticized me, as though I had merely been a statue or a painting, in the most matter of fact way imaginable, so gradually I forgot my self-consciousness and began to take an interest in what they were saying. I like the studios; I like to hear them talk about pictures and sculpturing."

Miss Ayres is one of the most modest, lady-like appearing girls imaginable. As she told about her first attempt at posing her pretty face grew red as a penny at times. She is as "likable" in real life as Du Maurier's "Trilby" is to read about.

Miss F. M. Sargeant is another Boston model, celebrated for her beautiful coloring and her magnificent head of golden brown hair. It is very heavy and reaches far below her knees. A picture of her by Edmund C. Tarbell will be seen at the coming art exhibition. This picture is an excellent likeness, and her hair shows to better advantage than in any that has ever been painted of her. Mr. Tarbell's pictures are all remarkable for the beauty of their coloring.

"The Nymph of the Woods," by Ernest L. Ipsen, is also to be exhibited for the first time, as is Mr. Abbott Graves' "The Girl and the Goldfish," all three for which Miss Sargeant has posed.

She is a healthy, wholesome kind of a girl, with a frank, open countenance that is pleasing and attractive. She has posed for a number of prominent Boston artists, among them Mr. Henry Sandham. She is a great admirer of Mr. Sandham and his work. A copy of the corner of Mr. Sandham's studio and the interview with him recently were pinned upon the wall. She likes her work, the artists and the atmosphere of the studios. Miss Sargeant was recommended as one of the favorite models.

"I live very quietly," she said, "I am busy nearly all day and I go to bed very early, so I shall be able to do my work right. I know very few people, and I seldom go out."

Miss Sargeant poses for the "altogether," as Trilby naively calls it.

"I had to do something," she said. "One engagement led to another. Although it was tiresome at first I have now grown accustomed to it. I don't like to



A PRETTY MODEL.

pose for art schools and classes. It is too hard. The model is expected to hold a position for four hours, with only 25 minutes' rest. Some people think models must be awfully coarse, common sort of girls, but they are not. Some of them are girls of good families, who have had good homes, and they prefer this method of earning a living to standing in a store for \$5 a week or manipulating a typewriter. The artists are gentlemen, all of them, and posing is simply a matter of business with us."

A WOMAN BURGLAR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A woman burglar, armed with chloroform, was the effective aid of a male desperado in looting Mrs. Mattie Davis' boarding house at Chicago, Ill. Mrs. Davis woke about midnight to find herself bound and gagged on a bed. A woman sat by her side with a revolver in one hand and a handkerchief saturated with chloroform in the other, for use in case Mrs. Davis' bonds should not be strong enough.

Downstairs in Mrs. Davis' private apartments a man was pulling out drawers, searching for valuables or money. He succeeded in finding \$500 in cash, a diamond pin, and a gold watch, all belonging to Mrs. Davis. Then the two left the house, leaving Mrs. Davis bound and unconscious on the bed. She was found two hours afterward by a boarder.

JAMES CROWE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Shuffleboard players in this country have a wholesome fear of James Crowe, "Young Wonder," a young expert who is open to a contest with anybody in the

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world. He recently won the title of champion from G. E. Morris, the veteran player, after three hours and a half's play, by the narrow margin of 9 points. Crowe makes his headquarters at Murray's Arcade, in Newark, N. J., and is always ready to give ambitious visitors a game or point upon playing it.

LIVING PICTURES IN BLOOMERS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The Police Board of Denver, Col., having visited the theatres and viewed the living pictures, passed an order suppressing the exhibitions in both variety and stock company theatres.

One manager has purchased a large stock of overalls, bicycle suits and other eccentric draperies to dress his living pictures until he can apply for an injunction in the courts. In a published card he states that the Rev. H. Martyn Hart, dean of St. John's Episcopal Church, in reply to a request to decide upon the merits of these productions, stated that while he did not attend theatres he had made inquiries as to the exhibitions in question, and he believed the pictures were not immoral. He further added that some of his parishioners had stated that they were not bad enough.

AN INTERESTING PUGILISTIC GROUP.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

That Peter Maher is an extremely popular member of the fistie craft is evidenced by the amount of appreciation accorded him in the various cities where he hap-

graduate of Yale University, and earned his reputation as a player, in the inter collegiate championship series. He is a brother of Mike Murphy, the famous sprinter and athletic instructor of Yale University.

CORBETT AS A LECTURER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

James J. Corbett, champion pugilist of the world, lectured to the students of the medical department of the University of Nashville and Vanderbilt University at the historic medical college on College Hill, at Nashville, Tenn., on Jan. 17.

The students are indebted for the treat to the enterprise and forethought of one of their professors, Dr. Sidney S. Crockett, and to the gentlemanly courtesy and royal good-fellowship of the champion himself.

And it was a treat, and one of the first water, too. It was also a distinguished occasion for Nashville and the audience who heard Mr. Corbett, for it was the champion's initial appearance in the role, and at the conclusion of his remarks he formally, though modestly, announced that if after critically reviewing the effort he was satisfied it had any claim to merit or foreshadowed for him any success in the new field, he seriously contemplated taking the lecture platform. This announcement was greeted with cheers of approval. The champion allowed his hearers to infer that the novelty and sensation of his maiden effort was very pleasing to him, while the evident pleasure and approval of the audience was most encouraging.

Until Mr. Corbett went to Nashville to appear at the Vendome in "Gentleman Jack," he had never attempted such a thing as a lecture. More than that, he had not dreamed of making his *entre* in the role here until a few hours before he ascended the platform at the college.

Evidently, though, in his leisure moments, he must have given the idea a place in his thoughts as a pleasing fancy, or the talent, long dormant, must have recently blazed into the flame of realism and forced itself upon the fortunate possessor's notice, for the big champion seemed as much at home standing gracefully upon the lecture platform, talking pleasantly, interestingly, even eloquently, and with an easy confidence, to several hundred people, whose intense interest, admiration and eager listening was manifested in the swiftly changing expressions of their countenances and the pose of their bodies, as he would be in the roped arena, eyeing warily and playing cautiously about a dangerous adversary.

The lecture lasted about three-quarters of an hour, and at its close the champion received the verdict of his hearers in a storm of applause, which lasted until the big fellow, after hasty handshakes and hearty congratulations had left the college and luster cheeks followed the carriage as it rolled away to the theatre, where the coming lecturer appeared in his farewell presentation of Gentleman Jack in Nashville. The approval came not only from the several hundred students, carried away with enthusiasm, but from a score or more of the most prominent physicians, lawyers, educators and business men of the city, who personally expressed to the big fighter the entertainment he had afforded them and their appreciation of the evident talent he had exhibited.

The hour for the lecture was at 6 o'clock, and after a hearty repast Mr. Corbett entered a hack at the Maxwell House, accompanied by Dr. Crockett and other prominent citizens, and were driven rapidly to the college. Another carriage followed, in which was Mr. Corbett's private stenographer, Mr. James Peacock. The party reached the college promptly on the hour, and Mr. Corbett was ushered into an ante-room, where quite a number of prominent citizens, as a committee of reception, awaited him.

WOMEN ENGAGE IN BATTLE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

News has just reached Douglas, Ga., of a serious difficulty between the two families, the Rhymes and the Robertses, who live about two or three miles from the town.

Bad feeling had existed between the members of these families for some time, caused by a lawsuit.

On a recent afternoon the female portion of the Rhymes family decided to submit their case to the arbitrament of force and arms. Upon the occasion in question, Mrs. Mary Rhymes and her two daughters, Martha and Adella, met Mrs. Roberts and her daughters, Nancy, Jane and Emma, on the road. The former proceeded to attack the Robertses with their fists and also with sticks, and during the engagement Martha Rhymes drew a knife and succeeded in inflicting serious if not fatal wounds upon the three Roberts girls, stabbing them in several places. The Sheriff and a doctor were sent for at once, and the Rhymeses will be arrested upon the charge of assault with intent to murder.

INEZ RAE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Inez Rae is a pretty blonde, who has been attracting much attention this season, as a member of Ward and Vokes' Company, playing in "A Run on the Bank." Miss Rae sings and dances with grace and agility, and her comeliness has made her very popular. A charming picture of Miss Rae appears on our theatrical page.

E. J. ABRAM.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

E. J. Abram is a theatrical manager to whom the word "hustler" can be justly applied. He directs the tours of Louis Morrison in "Faust," "The Danger Signal," "The Green Goods Man," and the No. 2 Company of "The Passing Show." His picture appears in this issue.

JOHN P. REILLY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

John P. Reilly directs the fortunes of the Avenue Theatre, at Louisville, Ky. He is a clever young man and has made rapid headway in his chosen profession. He is noted for his courteous demeanor and general ability.

LIVELY BUT TRUTHFUL!

"Edited by a Faithless Woman." FOX'S SEN. NATIONAL SERIES No. 11. One of the best of the Series: 65 Illustrations by French artists. Sent by mail to any address, very securely wrapped, on receipt of price, 50 cents. Address all orders to RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, New York.

THE QUEEN OF CRIMINALS

Extraordinary Career and Record of Sophie Lyons.

MARRIED TO A CRACKSMAN.

He Rescued Her From Prison and Stole Fortunes for Her.

INHERITS HER THIEVING INSTINCTS.

Sophie Lyons, the "Queen of American criminals," was arrested a week ago in St. Louis, where she was stopping at a fashionable hotel, but by a game that was at once bold and adroit she escaped punishment, and has disappeared again. This very extraordinary criminal has operated in nearly every part of the civilized world, and she has been at one time or another in every big prison of Europe and America. "The Queen" is known to the police of every capital of Europe, and the fact that she is at large is a source of constant disturbance to the criminal officials of this country.

Sophie Lyons is a criminal by heredity. Tracing her ancestry back for two or more generations, she finds leading thieves and criminals on both sides, in whose deeds of daring she takes as much pride as might any aristocratic dame in the chivalric achievements of her ancestors. She boasts that her grandfather, who had lived in London, was "a cracksmen to whom Scotland Yard took off its cap."

For years she gloried in the audacious robberies of her husband, Ned Lyons, who stole millions from the bank vaults of this country and furnished her with wealth to supply the requirements of a taste that was at once cultivated and extravagant. But when gunshot wounds and sickness impaired his usefulness in crookdom she left him for a burglar who gave promise of even more brilliant achievements. It is one of the regrets of Sophie Lyons' life that death cut short her plan to educate her son, George Lyons, in the way he should go to perpetuate her fame and further illustrate the theory of heredity. He died in Auburn Prison, and his mother speaks of him as having been "cut off in his promise."

When Sophie Lyons was arrested in St. Louis, the police found her richly attired and surrounded by many evidences of luxury and—reading "Tribune." She is conversant with the classics of English literature, and the masterpieces of French fiction are to her familiar. She speaks four languages fluently. To a reporter who saw her in the St. Louis lock-up she talked easily of Homer and Dante, and related incidents of acquaintance she claimed with Victor Hugo, George Sands and Guy de Maupassant. She spoke of the new things in art and music, and was frank in discussing some of the phases of her criminal career.

"They say I worked the nobility of Paris for \$200,000," said this remarkable woman, "but what does that amount to, pray? The expensive family I've got and my own expenses would eat that up rapidly. They say I'm immensely wealthy now, but I'm not. Probably I'm independent—in fact, I know I am."

There is every reason why Sophie Lyons should be independent. Hundreds of thousands of dollars passed through her hands. She has possessed the finest jewels in an abundance that could be only explained by the fact that she could not resist the temptation of stealing them. It is not known whether jewels possess an irresistible attraction for her, as they do for many women, or whether, on the other hand, she steals from the combined forces of habit and the powerful instinct she inherited. Although there is no doubt that she is independently wealthy and could retire from thieftom to indulge her luxurious tastes in idleness for the rest of her life, she was arrested in St. Louis upon the charge of having stolen diamonds worth \$700 in a jewelry store on Christmas Eve.

It was a similar extraordinary manifestation of this woman's nature that caused the first disturbance in her relations with Lyons. He was then the king of cracksmen, with great wealth as the result of his robberies, living with his wife in a luxurious villa not far from New York. They maintained a large establishment, with numerous servants and every luxury that wealth could purchase. Lyons was at the height of his professional career as a burglar, and believing that his brilliant attainments would suffice to maintain his family in comfort for the rest of their lives, he desired that his wife should devote herself to the care and education of their children.

But either his great fame in criminal life excited her jealousy or her hereditary instincts were too strong to be resisted, for she began a course of diamond stealing and shoplifting during her trips to New York that caused her husband many anxieties. Well dressed, handsome and with the lithe quickness of a snake, Sophie Lyons would mingle with the crowds in the fashionable shops and on Broadway and Fifth avenue, and upon her return home would unload before the astonished gaze of her husband an endless variety of scarfpins, jeweled brooches, watches, rings and pocket-books. Even handkerchiefs were not beneath her attention.

Her great game, when arrested, has been what is known in the world where she has achieved her fame as "a bluff." Sophie Lyons can make a bluff that upon more than one occasion has staggered a chief of police with evidence in his possession sufficient to convict her in a court of law, but she has convinced him that he has made some unaccountable mistake. She did this in Paris, where she was caught in the act of stealing, but so audacious were her statements and so

natural the indignation which she feigned that not only did the police release her, but the American Minister and the American colony were deceived, and a newspaper there demanded an apology by the Government for what it called an affront placed upon "an estimable American lady of high social connections."

Sophie Lyons tried a similar game when arrested in St. Louis a few weeks since. When brought into court there was present a representative of the Mermod-Jaccard Jewelry Company, from whose store the diamonds were stolen. This gentleman identified her as the woman to whom the diamonds had been shown. Thereupon Sophie Lyons stepped up to her accuser, and, lifting the veil which she always wears, said:

"Take a good look at my face, young man, and be sure you are right before you accuse me wrongfully."

The clerk trembled, but looked again, and said: "Yes, you are the woman I saw in the store on Christmas Eve."

Thereupon Sophie's eyes flashed and, turning on her heel, she said: "Get away from me! I don't want you near me at all! Do not speak to me!"

To the Chief of Police she emphatically denied that she had been in St. Louis on the day in question. "Sophie Lyons," said she, "is a hardened criminal, and too smart to be caught like this. Had I any connection whatever with the theft I would not turn up again here in St. Louis to be caught. Moreover, had I come here to do anything crooked it is plausible that I would go to one of the largest hotels in the city, where I certainly would be recognized? I have not been in St. Louis for years until two days ago."

So successful were her denials that the criminal authorities of St. Louis, although convinced of her guilt, released her upon her promise to leave the town forthwith. Officers conducted her to the train.

Sophie Lyons is now about forty-eight years of age, but she looks much younger. She was born in the purlieus of New York. She has two daughters,



SHE WAS FOND OF DIAMONDS.

whom she sent to a convent when they were little girls. At intervals, made irregular by her frequent confinement in prison, she went to see these girls, and in the summer of 1889, after her return from Paris, they were her guests at a hotel for two weeks, during which, it is believed, they learned the secret of their mother's life. At any rate, the mother and daughters never met again. The girls returned to the convent and took the black veil, and they now devote their lives to educational and charitable works.

Her last appearance previous to the St. Louis adventure, so far as the police archives record, was at Mount Sterling, Ky., in 1891, where she was implicated with Jim Brady, said to be the handsomest crook alive, in a daring attempt to steal \$45,000 from a bank in broad daylight. He was sent to the Kentucky penitentiary. She escaped justice by the liberal use of money. Ned Lyons is ending his ill-spent life in semi-seclusion in Jersey City, the companion and object of the charity of the colony of "green-goods" swindlers and "sure-things" gamblers who have been living over there since the Lexow Committee commenced its sessions in New York City. Lyons was born in Manchester, England, in 1839. His father was an honest weaver. The boy's mother died when he was a child. In 1850 father and son came to America, settling first in Lowell, Mass., and then removing to New York City. Here the boy

fell into evil ways and passed beyond the control of the broken-hearted father, who died years before the son achieved his eminence in the criminal world.

When New York became too hot he joined an organized gang and went west, succeeding in defrauding States, counties and cities at every recruiting post this side of the Mississippi. Capture meant death. He returned to New York in 1866 well supplied with money. The faro banks had not got all of it. In his career as a bounty jumper he had defrauded the Government and the States of upward of \$150,000.

It was while he was thus cutting a wide swath that Sophie Lyons came into his life. She was a slender, bright-eyed slip of a girl chaperoned in the circles in which she moved by the notorious Mme. Mandelbaum, the very queen of "fences." Her mother, Ann Levy, was at that time serving a four-years' sentence in Sing Sing (the last of several) for shoplifting. All of her associates recalled with admiration the expertness as a housebreaker of her father, Sam Levy.

Ned Lyons had but to meet this proud patrician to fall a victim to her charms and they were married. Lyons had in the meantime formed an alliance with Jimmy

was inevitable. When her baby was six months old she was caught redhanded in the theft of a lot of lace in the store of Koch & Co.

Sophie Lyons was caught with \$1,000 worth of plunder on her person in A. T. Stewart's store, convicted and sentenced to five years in Sing Sing on October 9, 1871.

Ned Lyons' friends were at work in the meanwhile. On December 4, 1872, dressed in a suit of citizen's clothes that had been smuggled through the gate by a suborned guard, he hid in the bottom of a wagon and rode out to liberty. His partners in crime, Bliss and Kingsland, had previously escaped. Once more a free man, Lyons set to work to secure the liberty of his wife. There was collusion, no doubt, in the matter of her escape. On the night of December 19, 1872, Lyons and a male companion drove up in a sleigh, in the midst of a driving snowstorm, to the main entrance of the female prison, at that time located on the hill. The companion rang the bell and announced that he had a basket of fruit for a sick prisoner. The door was thrown open, and at that instant Sophie Lyons sprang past the guard, followed by the man with the fruit, jumped into the sleigh and sped away in safety. Together they reached Canada and remained quiet for awhile. An opportunity presented itself to their restless spirits to rob a pawnbroker of jewelry valued at \$45,000, and with this booty they returned to New York, taking up the old residence on Long Island.

In October, 1876, Lyons and his wife visited the Suffolk County Fair, near Riverhead. A glorious opportunity presented itself, and Sophie was soon in the midst of the surging crowd picking pockets right and left with an almost childish enthusiasm. She was detected and arrested, but nothing was found upon her. Her husband called at the jail to see her and was recognized as an escaped convict. When arrested \$5,000 in money and negotiable railroad bonds to the value of \$13,000 were found on his person. He was sent back to Sing Sing to serve out the balance of his term, amounting to three years and seven months. Sophie was acquitted of the charge of picking pockets, but was rearrested and sent back to Sing Sing. She was released before her husband, and returning to New York formed a liaison with a crook named Hamilton Brock, known familiarly as "Hambrock." When Lyons was discharged from prison, on Oct. 24, 1880, he secured a gun and, filled with jealous rage, started out to hunt "Hambrock." The latter saw him first, and before Lyons could draw his weapon he fell with a shattered jaw and a bullet in the body. Lyons' recovery was a miracle.

On July 31, 1881, Lyons went to South Windham, Conn., to rob the store of J. B. Johnson. "Hambrock," who felt that his life was in danger as long as Ned Lyons walked the earth having heard of the proposed Connecticut job, betrayed him to the South Windham officers. Lyons had just broken a shutter and was climbing into the window of the store when he was fired on from both behind and before. One ball from a rifle passed clear through his left lung and body and was picked up in the yard. The other, a pistol ball, entered his back to a depth of nine inches. It was while lying unconscious in a hospital at Hartford, supposedly dying of his wounds, that the first photograph of Ned Lyons was obtained. Copies of it are to be found in all well-regulated rogues' galleries.

When he recovered he was sent for a short term to the Connecticut State prison. He went directly to a small town near Springfield, Mass., where he robbed a drug store and postoffice, was captured, and on May 20, 1884, sentenced to three years in Massachusetts prison.

He came out in 1887 a physical wreck, his ability as a burglar gone. He drifted to New York, and found that his wife was on Blackwell's Island serving a six months' term for shoplifting at Lake & McCreery's, having been successfully prosecuted by Inspector Byrnes. Lyons called on her at the Island, but the meeting was not a pleasant one. He expressed his regret that "Hambrock" was dead, as he had hoped for the opportunity of killing him himself. He frankly admitted that it had been his intention to kill her for her faithlessness, but had thought it over, and concluded that she was not worth the risk.

America was not large enough for her, and in 1888, well equipped as to wardrobe, jewels and ready money, Mme. De Varney, a wealthy American widow, on sight-seeing and pleasure bent, arrived at the French capital. On July 24, 1888, the Madame descended from her carriage and mingled with the throng that surged about the Arc de Triomphe.

A watchful gendarme could have sworn that he saw her hand in the pocket of a portly citizen. Certain it is that the citizen missed his purse and sounded an alarm. Nothing was found on the Madame of an incriminating nature. She roundly denounced the outrage of her arrest. Emotional members of the American colony interested themselves in the cause of this cruelly wronged Southern lady. The Paris edition of a New York paper wrote columns denunciatory of the stupidity of the police. United States Minister McLean was induced to interfere in behalf of the fair American. On a trial the lady was discharged, and the American colony was exultant and the newspaper printed a double-headed editorial on the great injustice done an American lady by an overzealous police.

M. Durand, Prefect of the Police, was not satisfied. He opened up a cable correspondence with Supt. Byrnes, of New York. "I think Mme. De Varney is Sophie Lyons, alias Lyons, the most expert and dangerous all-around female crook I have ever met. Send picture," was the reply flashed back.

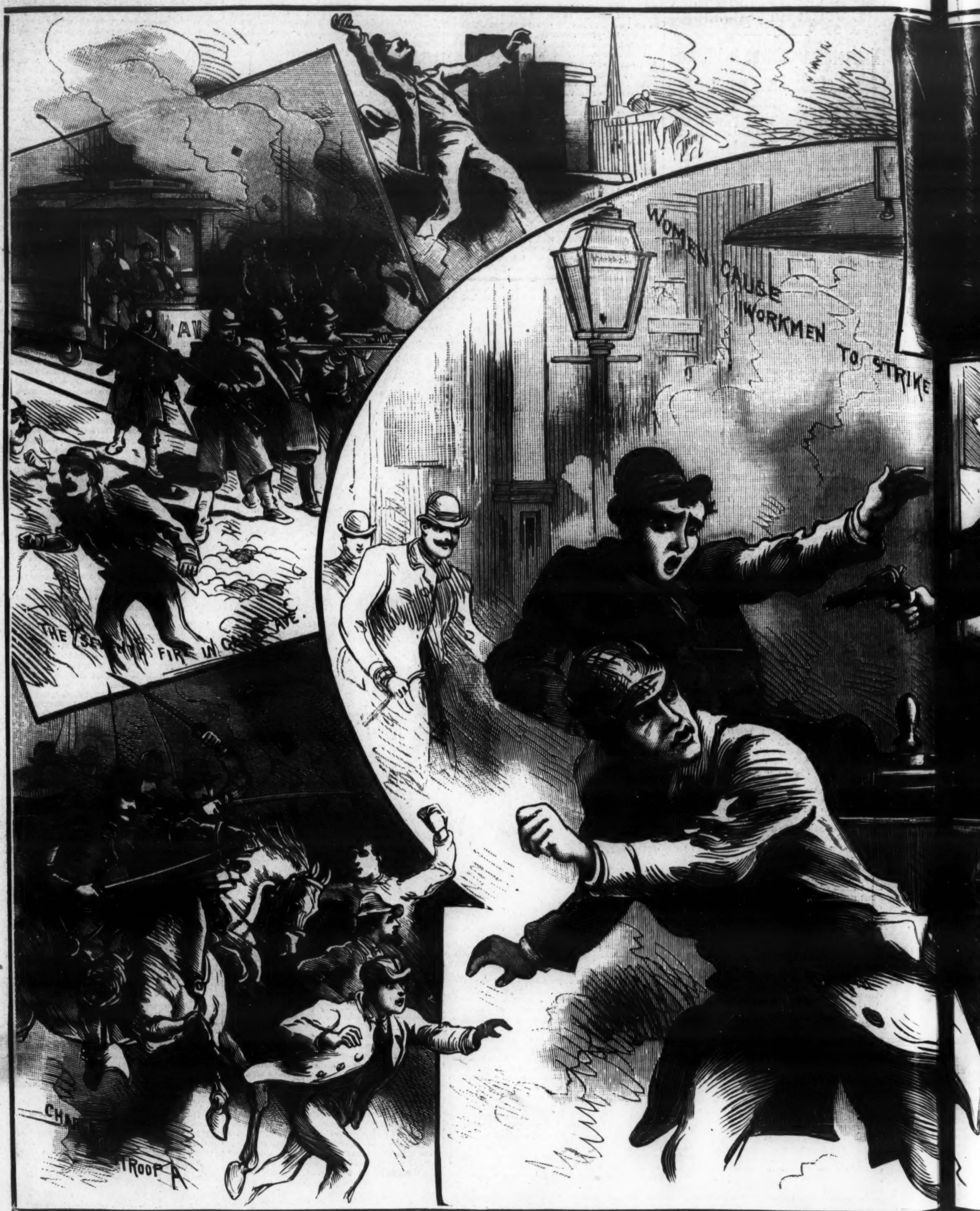
The Prefect promptly arrested the Madame as a suspicious person when she applied at St. Lazare for the return of her money and jewels. The photograph was sent to Byrnes. There was more cable correspondence, and on January 1, 1889, gentlemanly officers saw Mme. De Varney and Mr. Jim Brady, who had joined her, safely on board an American steamer.

REAL LIFE IN PARIS!

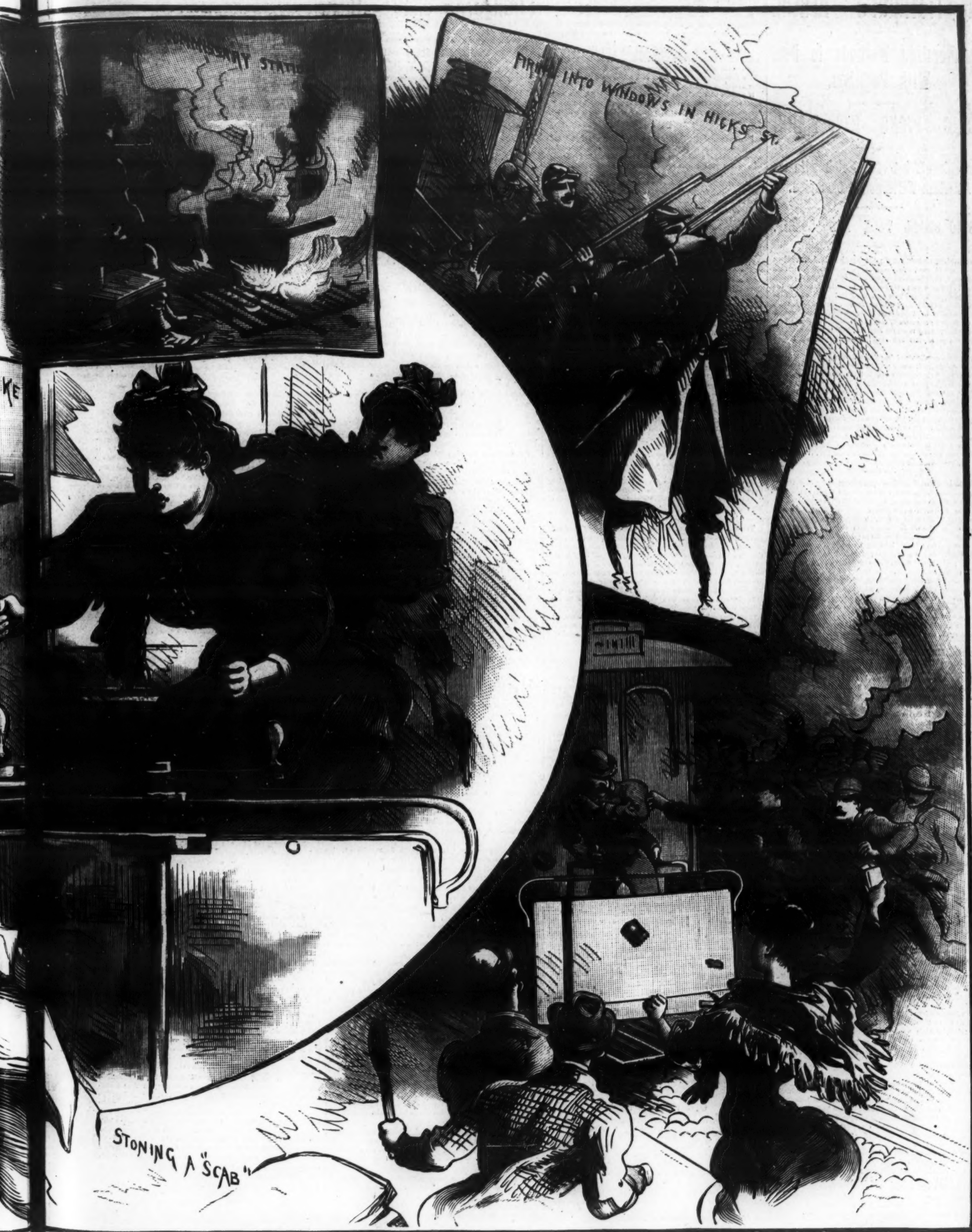
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THE GREAT BROOKLYN STRIKE
INCIDENTS AND SCENES OF VIOLENCE PERPETRATED BY MOBS OF STRIKING WORKMEN



BROOKLYN STRIKE.

WORKMEN EMPLOYED ON THE STREET RAILWAYS IN THE CITY OF CHURCHES.

IN FISTIANA'S REALM.

Parkhurstian Methods to Deal
With Pugilism.

CRAIG PICKS HIS MARK.

Burge Crawls Out of a Match with the
American Welterweight Champion.

FISTIC SMALL TALK AND GOSSIP.

Following the example set by the Parkhurstian reformers of New York, who are now trying to put a bill through the Legislature to prohibit glove contests of any sort, Indiana finds itself afflicted in the same way; only more so. In the Indiana House two bills against prize fighting have been introduced. One amends the McHugh law, the other being written for Gov. Matthews by Judge Gillet, of Hammond. A prize fight is defined to be a contest with or without gloves, for any reward, or in the presence of those who have paid anything of value to see the contests. Principals are to be imprisoned one to two years and accessories to be punished in proportion.

Legislative knowalls are of the opinion that one of the bills referred to will receive favorable consideration, which means that the members of the fistic fraternity will find the Hoosier State an extremely unhealthy place to sojourn in.

In New York State the Legislature finds itself confronted with too much business of a more important character to warrant any time or consideration being wasted upon such a needless measure as the one that prohibits fistic sport. Besides, I will be generous enough to say, that the Legislators of New York State are too liberal in their views, and appreciate too highly the wishes of their constituents, to make an arbitrary law; such as the one proposed. If the upcountry reformers, with their peculiar code of morals, could have it all their own way, what would become of us?

There is a good deal of anxiety among the fistic gentry regarding the outcome of Frank Craig's battle with Paddy Slavin, which is now on the tapis. The "Cooler" has been criticized for making the match under conditions which must involve a big disadvantage in the matter of weight; but figuring on the Slavin of to-day in the light of a far different man than he was when he visited this country for the ostensible purpose of fighting Sullivan, I don't think that the "Cooler" is so very far astray after all.

It is common report among sporting men who have recently come over from England, that Slavin has not been right since he fought, and was beaten, by Jim Hall. The money he earned by touring America and England with Mitchell he has dissipated with seller-like prodigality, and his present impetuous condition makes it imperative for him to fight somebody. He is, if report be true, a physical derelict, and possesses not a tithe of the remarkable strength that he once had.

The "Cooler's" cleverness ought to be more than equal to whatever disadvantage he may be at in the matter of weight.

Charley Mitchell seems determined not to resign his place upon the pugilistic shelf. The lesson received at Corbett's hands at Jacksonville last January, seems to have been lost upon him, and he signs again for fistic fame and glory.

It looks from present indications, as if he and Jackson would have a turn up before many weeks have gone by. At the time of writing this, negotiations for a fight are pending; but the probable outcome of the controversy, in that articles will be signed for a fight under the auspices of the National Sporting Club.

A prevailing belief is that the untitled champion of England, as the Brummagem boxer styles himself, is over estimating his abilities in presuming that he can beat the black Australian. At any rate his offer to the latter has the true ring to it; and besides, Papa Moore has put five hundred of the "ready" into George Atkinson's hands, as an earnest of his intentions.

Charley bases his expectations of winning from Jackson upon his belief that he was not at his best when he fought Corbett, and that having fully recovered, he is able to take on Peter, as a preliminary step toward the goal of his ambition—a victory over Corbett—whom, he says, owes him a return match.

If Jack Dempsey were to talk of a return match with Tommy Ryan, we should call it the vapors of a diseased mind; but how shall we regard such talk, emanating as it does from a man, who, in a general sense, possesses a shrewd mind than any pugilist in the profession?

Mitchell, as fit as he was when he fought Corbett, ought to put up a fairly stiff fight against Jackson, assuming that there is some truth in the stories that have reached us of Peter's dissipation, ill health, and general weakened condition. It is probably upon the chance of catching the latter out of shape, that Charley relies for a victory. Whether his expectations are realized or not, he need have no doubts about Corbett's willingness to give him a chance to regain his laurels, providing he puts up the money to qualify for the amount of stake money that the champion demands. Corbett ridicules Mitchell's sincerity however, and indulges in the vulgar but expressive remark, that his erstwhile opponent is "talking through his hat."

M. Wellington Leonard is on tour. M. Wellington is the fine sleek ogreman beloved upon the Bos Brummagem of pugilism, who hails from Brooklyn, and is commonly called "Mike."

M. W.'s departure from New York caused something of a commotion among the swell tailors of upper Fifth Avenue; and if he is true to his principles while away, the "Knights of the Duck" in the elite that he threatens to visit, will shed tears copiously when he announces his return.

Armed with a letter of introduction to Henry Weldon, and attired faultlessly, as is his wont; M. Wellington accompanied by "me man" descended upon Cincinnati the other day.

The ostensible purpose of Mike's visit was to keep a fistic engagement with "Kid" Hogan of Pittsburgh, before the Olympic Athletic Club; but Mike says, that affair is only an incident of his intentions. The influences of a life in the Tenderloin were beginning to tell upon Mike. He felt that his pugilistic usefulness was approaching a crisis; as a matter of fact he was too popular, and the role of a Broadway stunner that he had been enacting for a couple of years had begun to pall upon him.

Besides, the tailors and other tradespeople whose wares Mike had been advertising seemed lacking in appreciation, and one leading shirtmaker who had been supplying him with imported silk underwear and linen exterior coverings at \$4 a throw had the temerity, the nerve, to present a bill.

It is needless to say that Mike never saw this. His secretary, who is the son of a Wall street bank president, attended to the little matter; but Mike said the bill was the entering wedge to a loss of his prestige. He forthwith packed his grip, kissed the "Donna" goodbye, and bled himself Westward. I expect to see him return laden with as much of Cincinnati as he and his man can comfortably carry.

Dick Burge's recent actions have been peculiar, not to say compromising. On the day after he defeated Tom Williams, in London, a cable was received at the Police Gazette office which stated in substance that he challenged Joe Walcott or Tommy Ryan, stipulating weight, stake, etc., etc., and concluding with the announcement that if he failed to hear from either of the parties within two weeks he would retire with the titles of light and welterweight champions.

Before the matter had a chance to get cold I sought out Parson Davies and obtained his authority to accept the duel on behalf of Tommy Ryan, for \$5,000 a side, at 145 pounds, give or take two pounds, fight to take place in London, for the best purse.

No more liberal acceptance of a challenge could have been made; yet, upon the receipt of it in London, Burge forthwith began to quibble, and ultimately forced Harry Nickless into the breach, offering to back him against Ryan.

It is plain to be seen that Burge does not want any part of the American, and his offer to fight him was not made in good faith. Ryan, on the other hand, is anxious to get on a match, and will either force Burge to fight or retire with a little stain upon one title that he claims.

If a match with Craig can be arranged for Choyinski, the Davies combination will soon start for Europe, and Ryan will be given his opportunity to force the issue with Burge, or his substitute, Harry Nickless.

Featherweight fighters, who have visited Buffalo, professionally, during the past year or more, never tire of extolling the virtues of a youngster named Frank Erne. The latter has been cutting quite a wide swath among the aspiring little fellows, who visited his city; and the ambitions of many a likely candidate for championship honors have been ruthlessly slipped in the bud, by the hard hitting Buffalonian. Until last week, the rival matchmakers have been unable to coax him away from his lair. He seemed content to earn the pittance of his own townpeople, and enjoy the distinction of beating all who sought him on his own dung heap.

Thanks to Prof. Charley White, C. H. G. C., the fighting critic of the metropolis had a chance to see the hard hitting little gentleman the other night. He made his debut in an eight-round bout before the new Manhattan Athletic Club with Joe Leonard of Philadelphia.

Erne was originally "carded" to meet Willie Job, a youngster who gave Eddie Pierce the hardest fight of that individual's career. Job made the match readily enough; and then began to look for a line on his opponent. It didn't take him long to realize that the "stiff" he believed he engaged to meet, had earned quite a reputation as a puncher; and with much wisdom he pleaded illness, lack of condition, etc., and forthwith "chucked up his job."

Leonard, who was subsequently engaged to take Job's place, is a pretty good fighter himself. Over in Philadelphia, where he hails from, they think a lot of him, and the fact that he had never been defeated, justified the belief that he could hold his own against any of the "feathers" except the cracker jacks.

Anyhow, Leonard came over from Philadelphia with a big retinue of attendants, to "do" the lad from Buffalo. His contract was a hard one; his experience very bitter. In one round Erne had him going; and before the expiration of the second he was felled by a stiff right hand punch on the jaw, and knocked cold.

The fight was a terrific one while it lasted; and Leonard showed enough to justify the belief that he can beat more men than can beat him; but for all that he was no match for the sturdy young fellow from Buffalo, who possesses all the qualifications of a great pugilist. He is a good two-handed fighter; fast; delivers powerful blows; is shifty on his feet, and undoubtedly, game. He boxes a good deal like Dixon; and has doubtless copied a number of the champion's tricks and methods of fighting.

Matchmaker Kennedy, of the Seaside Athletic Club, was not long in sizing up the new comer as a likely attraction for the patrons of "the club by the sea" and forthwith engaged him to meet an unknown, at the next monthly affair.

There is quite a likelihood of Steve O'Donnell and Jim Hall being pitted against each other for a limited round encounter, to take place in the near future. It all came about through a discussion between Parson Davies, Hall and Billy Brady, which took place at Coney Island the other night. Brady is dead anxious for O'Donnell to try opinions with Peter Jackson, and has made Davies all sorts of propositions to bring about a match. The latter has agreed readily enough, but knowing Peter's aversion to fighting in America, has always stipulated that the fight be held in London.

The money end of his sporting proclivities always appeals to Brady, and his experiences abroad with Corbett have brought his mind to a realizing belief that there isn't much to be made out of fighting in London. His refusal to fight there usually ended in talk.

Before it got very hot the other night, though, Hall induced himself into the controversy, and asserted that he knocked O'Donnell out in two rounds once, in a boxing bout that took place at Altoona, Pa. Brady repudiated this statement, and before the wrangle ended Brady evinced a decided disposition to arrange a match, and negotiations are now pending.

Does the Clergy uphold boxing as a medium for promoting health and manly vigor?

In case this question arises during the preliminary discussions about the framing of legislative measures against prize fighting, I would like to submit the following, culled from an English paper, to which the Rev. J. Hudson, a prominent divine, writes a voluminous defense of boxing as an art. He says:

"No one who has had any experience will deny that a course of training with the gloves has proved of the utmost benefit to the learner by inculcating many a lesson of judgment, coolness, and self-reliance, and by training and disciplining his powers of strength and endurance. Of the good effects, both physically and morally, of this pastime, I have witnessed many a striking example. Of course, many a hard knock will be given and received; just as they may be incurred in a much more dangerous degree at cricket, football, riding, etc., but if every sport is to be eliminated from the calendar which admits of the possibility of danger what a race of milkops we shall become."

Rev. Sir, I doff my hat to you!

Bob Fitzsimmons is indeed having a hard time of it. His indictment for murder in connection with the unfortunate death of Con Rioridan, has necessitated his cancelling all engagements for his theatrical company, and he will return to Syracuse to stand trial.

Justice is one thing, and persecution is another, and just now it seems as if big Bob was getting a lot of the latter, and very little of the former. Rioridan died; Fitzsimmons was exonerated by the Coroner's jury. He was plainly guiltless of any wrong, and his acquittal was but an echo of public sentiment.

That there is no more justification to-day for accusing him of crime than there was on the day Rioridan died, is apparent to everybody, and that a court jury will acquit him is an assured fact, but the District Attorney of the county in which he will be tried is a seeker for notoriety. Doubtless, he never was heard of beyond the limits of Podunkville, and he grasps this opportunity to send his name ringing down to posterity as the prosecutor of an admittedly innocent man. His action will involve the county in a financial loss for legal services, court fees, etc., and forces the accused to spend his hard earnings to clear himself of a trumped up charge, besides compelling him to suspend business while the case is pending. Truly there is justice, and justice.

SAM C. AUSTIN.

OUR VISITING LIST.

Among the callers at the POLICE GAZETTE office this week were: L. A. Charlton, Chicago; Jerry Marshall, J. J. Quinn, Mike Connelly, Tommy Ryan, Johnny Reagan, Ed Rascador, Denny Butler, Fred Ascher, Mike Leonard, Prof. Charley White, Billy Newman, Frank Erne, Buffalo; Sam Callahan, Tom Evans, Alf Powers, Sam Fitzpatrick, Jack Everhardt, Ed Alexander, Gideon Bloodgood, Jr., Geo. Tilden, John P. Eckhardt, J. C. Kennedy, Parson Davies.

Tony Hart, who has been interested in the organization of a Texas League, with New Orleans included in the circuit, has about given up the idea as impracticable. He said that since Nick Young, President of the National League, had recognized the league composed of the cities of Evansville, Ind., Nashville, Tenn., and Chattanooga, Tenn., Montgomery, Ala., Atlanta, Ga., Little Rock, Ark., and New Orleans, he did not see how he could consistently give protection to a Texas League with New Orleans included in its membership.

THREE OF A KIND!

Extremely handsome Color and Ring Pictures—Corbett and Fitzsimmons; Corbett and Mitchell; Corbett and Jackson; size 16 1/2 x 23 inches each. Suitable for framing. All three mailed to your address for 25 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

PUGILISTIC SMALL TALK.

TO OUR READERS.

THE SPORTING DEPARTMENT of the POLICE GAZETTE will, hereafter, be under the supervision of Mr. "SAM" C. AUSTIN, whose experience as a writer and critic of sporting events, for the daily newspapers of New York, entitles him to favorable consideration from the vast army of POLICE GAZETTE readers.

Mr. AUSTIN's sole aim and object will be to maintain the high standard which has made the POLICE GAZETTE the leading sporting authority in the world. The columns devoted to sport will contain nothing but bright, new matter, presented in a readable, interesting manner, and changes will be made, from time to time, as may be needed to elevate the tone and character of the department, and recommend it to sporting people throughout the world.

Peter Maher and Jim Hall will box 4 rounds at the Winter Circus on February 22.

Dick Burge offers to box any 145-pound man for the best purse obtainable in London.

Joe Butler, the Philadelphia middleweight, is anxious to fight Frank Craig, the "Coffee Cooler."

Pete Courtney writes that he will give Fitzsimmons a chance to knock him out in two rounds for \$2,000 any time.

Manager Brady offers to back Steve O'Donnell to fight Peter Jackson at the Seaside Athletic Club, in six or eight weeks.

Chicago made a poor showing in the boxing tournament at Boston, all but one of the Windy City representatives being defeated.

Peter Jackson does not intend to return to America for at least four months. He is making money giving exhibitions in England.

Tom O'Rourke has secured the management of Barney Kelly, the Philadelphia bantam, who recently gave a beating to Plimmer.

The Lafayette Social and Athletic Club of Philadelphia is negotiating with two well-known featherweights to box at its meeting Feb. 22.

The annual wrestling and boxing championships of the Amateur Athletic Union this year will be held at Pittsburg, probably in March.

Billy Vernon of Haverstraw, has been matched to box Jack Fallon of Lawrence, Mass., at the Suffolk Athletic Club, Boston, on February 13.

Billy Plimmer has plenty of work on hand, but at the same time he does not appear to be doing a land office business in the match-making line.

Barney Kelly, of Fort Richmond, will be matched with Frank Patterson, who whipped Sam Campbell at the Seaside Athletic Club a week ago.

Henry Egan, a 145-pound man, of Eddy, N. M., is anxious to try conclusions with some of the welterweights. He is thought very well of in his part of the country.

Cincinnati sports tried to get Jimmy Barry, the champion 165-pound boxer, to meet Billy Murphy at 113 pounds. That crowd of sports must be looking for sure things.

It is whispered that "Parson" Davies may soon become Griffe's backer.—Brooklyn Eagle. Davies says there is no truth in the whisper. He thinks Griffe is in proper hands.

Frank Craig, the "Harlem Coffee Cooler," says that if he is successful in his coming battle with Frank Slavin he will agree to make a match with Peter Maher, to take place in May.

Frank Erne, the Buffalo featherweight, who defeated Joe Leonard at the Manhattan Club, in New York the other night has been engaged by the Seaside Club to box at its next meeting.

Jim Daly, of Buffalo, would like to arrange another match with Joe Butler, of Philadelphia. He can secure backing against the colored man, but does not want to fight below 145 pounds.

Jim Hall is of the opinion that Charlie Mitchell will get, if anything, a worse beating at the hands of Peter Jackson than he did from Corbett. Hall is well acquainted with the methods of both men.

"Tim" Murphy, the ex-amateur bantamweight champion, offers to fight "Marty" McCue either to a finish or a limited number of rounds at 116 pounds, for a stake of \$250 or \$500 a side and a purse.

Billy Plimmer has signed to fight Jimmy Barry, the Chicago bantam, 15 rounds, on March 7, before the Suffolk Athletic Club, of Boston. Fifty per cent. of the gross receipts is to go to the winner.

Harry Mikirk and Tim Scanlan are billed to box before the Wheeling Athletic Club, of Wheeling, W. Va., at an early date. There is no love between the men, and the "go" promises to be interesting.

Al Smith, the sporting man, astounded everybody in the East the other day by offering to bet a big chunk of money on Craig against Peter Jackson, should they meet. Smith will give odds of 2 to 1.

Billy Woods, Charley Mitchell's ex-sparting partner, has been matched to fight Jim Williams, the middleweight champion of Utah, for a purse and stake. The contest will take place in Denver, the latter part of next month.

Wango, "The Indian," is trying to get on a match in Baltimore with Charles Gehring, lightweight, who won the amateur champion lightweight medal, at Madison Square, New York. The chances are that the match will come off in the next month.

W. C. Wallace of New York, wants to meet anybody for a purse. The New York and Manhattan Athletic Club might give him a purse. He has fought Ashton, Kelly, Flynn, Bagley, and a host of other good ones, and is now under Prof. Jim Lavelle's guidance.

Bill and Jack Slavin, brothers of the Australian heavy-weight, who is now matched to box the Harlem Coffee Cooler, did not fare very well in Montreal the other night. Bill was defeated in 10 rounds by Buffalo Costello, and George Le Blanche got a decision over Jack in 6 rounds.

If all signs fall not, Philadelphia is to be made the head centre of fighters in the near future, as it was in the good old days when everything went without let or hindrance, and the Quaker City was considered the Mecca of all who made their living either in the ring or about it as hangers-on.

The following cable was sent to London on Wednesday: J. J. Quinn, "Cooker of Peter Maher. To-day authorized the Police Gazette to challenge Johnson on behalf of Jerry Marshall at 12 pounds for \$2,500 a side, give or take expenses. Quinn will take Maher to England to meet Craig after the Slavin fight."

Tommy Ryan and the entire Parson Davies troupe of pugilists will sail for England in the near future. Ryan will be matched against Dick Burge, who so easily defeated Tom Williams a few days ago, and Choyinski will try conclusions with the "Harlem Coffee Cooler" if he defeats Frank Slavin in their coming mill.

The backers of Billy Ernst, of the Bushwick A. C., and Chris Freeman, Ridgewood A. C., met in Brooklyn, and as the latter has not yet recovered from the sprained right wrist he received when he knocked out Billy Davis two weeks ago, it was decided to postpone the fistic fight, which was scheduled for last Monday night, until Feb. 8.

The monthly stag and boxing bouts of the National Athletic Club, of Brooklyn, will be held at the club house on Saturday evening, Feb. 9. There will be two special bouts of six rounds between Mike Mulroy, of Brooklyn, and Hornbecker's unknown, of New York, and Eddie Sweeney and Tommy Butler, of Brooklyn.

The following cable was received at the "Police Gazette" office on Monday:

George Corfield will box Casper Leon at 106 pounds, give or take two pounds, for \$1,000 a side and best purse in England.

The Bollingbroke Club offers a \$5,000 purse for Mitchell and Jackson.

Jimmy Carroll of Brooklyn, has taken Frank Patterson, the clever Brooklyn featherweight, under his charge. Patterson was one of the winners at the recent carnival of the Seaside Club, and though all his friends looked him as a boxer he was easily. He showed remarkable cleverness, and with the coaching of Carroll he surely will get ahead.

Since the exodus of fighters from Australia ceased San Francisco has been very uninteresting from a pugilistic point of view. The sports out there, however, are beginning to feel the effects of the dearth, and are anxiously looking forward for a change. Information from "Frisco" states that a new club will soon bob up ready to do business on the old scale.

John L. Sullivan, who was in Lincoln, Neb., with his company, said he will re-enter the ring next year prepared to redeem his lost laurels. He thought Fitzsimmons would give Corbett the tightest fight he ever had, and said he would not be surprised if he (Sullivan) would be the next man to meet the Australian, in the event of Corbett being defeated.

Prof. Mike Donovan, the ex-middleweight champion, has engaged Lenox Lyceum for his annual benefit which takes place on February 9. Denny Butler, who is looking after the talent, has already engaged Joe Butler, of Philadelphia, Fred Morris, the Cyclone; Bull McCarthy, Benny Peterson, Andy Watson, "Give or Take Two" Kearney and Billy Ahearn.

Tommy Ryan, the Chicago welterweight, who handled Jack Dempsey with such consideration at the Seaside Athletic Club, is this week at the Winter Circus, Philadelphia. He meets Fred Woods, Mick Dunn and Fred Morris respectively, on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday nights, filling in the intervening nights with bag punching and exhibition boxing.

Col. J. D. Hopkins, on behalf of Dan O'Grady, has accepted the challenge of Frank Craig, the Harlem Coffee Cooler, for a fight before the National Sporting Club of London. He has posted as large a side bet as Craig desires, and has cabied Fleming, of the National Club, of the acceptance of the challenge. The club officers put up a purse of \$5,000 and allow \$500 expenses.

John Murphy of Boston, wants to show that he is Billy Plimmer's superior as a boxer. A few days ago Johnny had a talk with matchmaker John Kennedy of the Seaside Athletic Club, about arranging a 25-round bout with the Englishman. According to Murphy, Kennedy thought very favorably of such a bout, and if Plimmer can be induced to meet him, a mill will be brought about.

McKeever, of Philadelphia, must be a wonderful pugilist, judging from the way he keeps winning. A lightweight boxer who can knock a boxer like Jack Hanley out in 4 rounds must be classed as a likely candidate for the championship. It is understood McKeever can be backed for \$2,500 to fight any lightweight in the world for \$2,500 a side and the lightweight championship of America.

Bobby Dobbs, colored lightweight champion of America, has posted a forfeit of \$250 in Boston to support his challenge to fight any man in America for the championship. This is particularly directed at Horace Leeds, Jack Everhardt, Owen Ziegler and Charley McKeever. Dobbs will fight anywhere and for any amount up to \$2,500. He wants to fight for the American title before going to England.

The gross receipts of the Dempsey-Ryan exhibition were in the neighborhood of \$5,100, half of which went to the boxers. The understanding was that the winner should receive seventy-five per cent. of this half but Parson Davies is said to have shown his generosity by giving Dempsey one-half. The gross receipts of the Griffin-Dixon fight was in the vicinity of \$7,000, of which \$3,500 went to the boxers.

A telegram from St. Louis says: "A witness that will prove very valuable to Bob Fitzsimmons in case he is ever tried for the killing of Con Rioridan, has been found. The man formerly trained, and will swear that Rioridan, some years ago, was thrown out of a hack on his head and sustained a wound two inches long and down to the skull. The physicians who attended Rioridan have also been located."

Billy Smith and Joe Walcott, two of the greatest welterweights in the world, will meet at Boston Music Hall on March 1. The managers of both boxers agreed that the men should box to a decision at 145 pounds, weigh at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Al Smith, of New York, was selected as referee. This match will be one of the most interesting ever held in this country, and the one that secures the award will go to England.

If the "Harlem Coffee Cooler" disposes of Paddy Slavin when they meet, his chances of getting on with Peter Jackson will be improved considerably. He will do it, too, if all, or indeed a part, of the rumors concerning Paddy's condition is true. If the "Cooler" could only eradicate the defects given him by Choyinski and Maher from his record, he would be regarded in a very dangerous light by white-skinned heavyweights for the future.

Kid Lewis, the first of a gang of prize fighters indicted in Texas, was sentenced to pay \$500 fine and sixty days in jail. His fight was advertised as a sparring exhibition with four-ounce gloves. His partner in the exhibition was E. G. Fenner. The other two were Reddy Gallagher and Henry Bohannon, the latter colored. This is the first conviction ever had in Texas under the statute enacted in 1893 making prize fighting a misdemeanor. The case will go to the Court of Criminal Appeals.

Horace Leeds, of Atlantic City, met Charley (Bull) McCarthy, of Philadelphia, last Friday, in a four-round glove contest at the Winter Circus building in Philadelphia, and at the end of the contest showed no signs of fatigue. McCarthy, on the other hand, was not in the best of shape and he looked distressed after the first round. Leeds was the aggressor throughout, forcing McCarthy from one side of the 26-foot ring to the other. Leeds repeatedly tried to hook McCarthy with his left, but could never land where he wanted to.

Allen Burdette Johnson, the colored pugilist and philosopher, met Billy Plimmer, the bantam champion, in a 3-round set-to in Cincinnati the other evening, and the bout was interesting for everybody but Allen. The reason the colored fighter wasn't so pleased with the set-to was the fact that Plimmer seemed to think Allen's nose was a punching-bag, and constantly kept Johnson in discomfort by putting his right on the nose of the Cincinnati. After the first round Allen lost all desire to mix things up with Plimmer, and the latter had a cake walk of it the other two rounds.

It looks as if Chicago would again tolerate boxing matches, but they will have to run on a different plan than heretofore. Permits will be granted only on the following conditions: No liquor may be sold or distributed on the premises, and no bar to be run in connection with the club, all contests with six or eight-ounce gloves, and to be limited to 10 rounds; all boxing arenas to have heavily padded floors and stakeless rings, with ropes so arranged that a man cannot fall through or between them; all contests to be under the personal supervision of an officer appointed by the Mayor, Chief of police or Captain of the district where the arena is located.

The much-advertised ten-round contest between Danny Needham and Shadow Maher, the Australian, before the People's Athletic Club, Cincinnati, was not what the sporting fraternity expected. From the outset Maher set the pace and kept Danny on the lookout all through the race. Needham gave Maher 145, and Maher 141. At the end of the tenth round Referee Murphy said: "As referee I award the contest, without the least doubt, to Shadow Maher of Australia." Jimmy Patterson thought the decision was an injustice to his man. Arthur Walker, the Australian, issued a challenge to the winner of the fight, as did also Donohue of Philadelphia, and McCarthy of St. Louis.

PIQUANT AND INTENSE!

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A MILE A MINUTE ON A BICYCLE.

"At the present time the establishment of a commission to inquire into the entire subject seems to be the plan most favored as the one which is the most equitable to all concerned."

★

Edward Fournil, the French billiard star, received a letter the other day from Albert Garnier, whom old-time billiard lovers favorably remember, giving the latest dosages of the stars in Europe. Garnier wrote that Eugene Carter, who used to rank as the clearest player in America at three-cushion carroms, is now giving lessons at the Royal Club in Paris, and making money at it. Garnier himself is in Madrid, where he seems to have made a hit, probably by his skill at making surprising fancy shots with billiard balls of smaller than regulation size, in which respect he differs materially from Prof. Kaarlus, who executes amazing trick carroms with full-sized ivorys.

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Sussexman, Philadelphia, Pa.—I bet N that N doesn't weigh

J. R. H., Valparaiso, Ind.—In a shooting contest, single trap shooting there were five contestants with the following score: No. 1, shot 1 bird, No. 2, two birds; No. 3, three birds; No. 4, four birds; No. 5, four birds. Numbers four and five shot off the tie, No. 4 being, getting only one bird (he) No. 4, then claimed second place over No. 3 that had three birds on the first shoot. What place is No. 5 entitled to?.....Second place. See answer to J. F. D.

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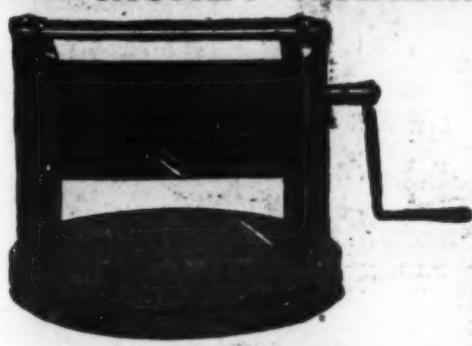
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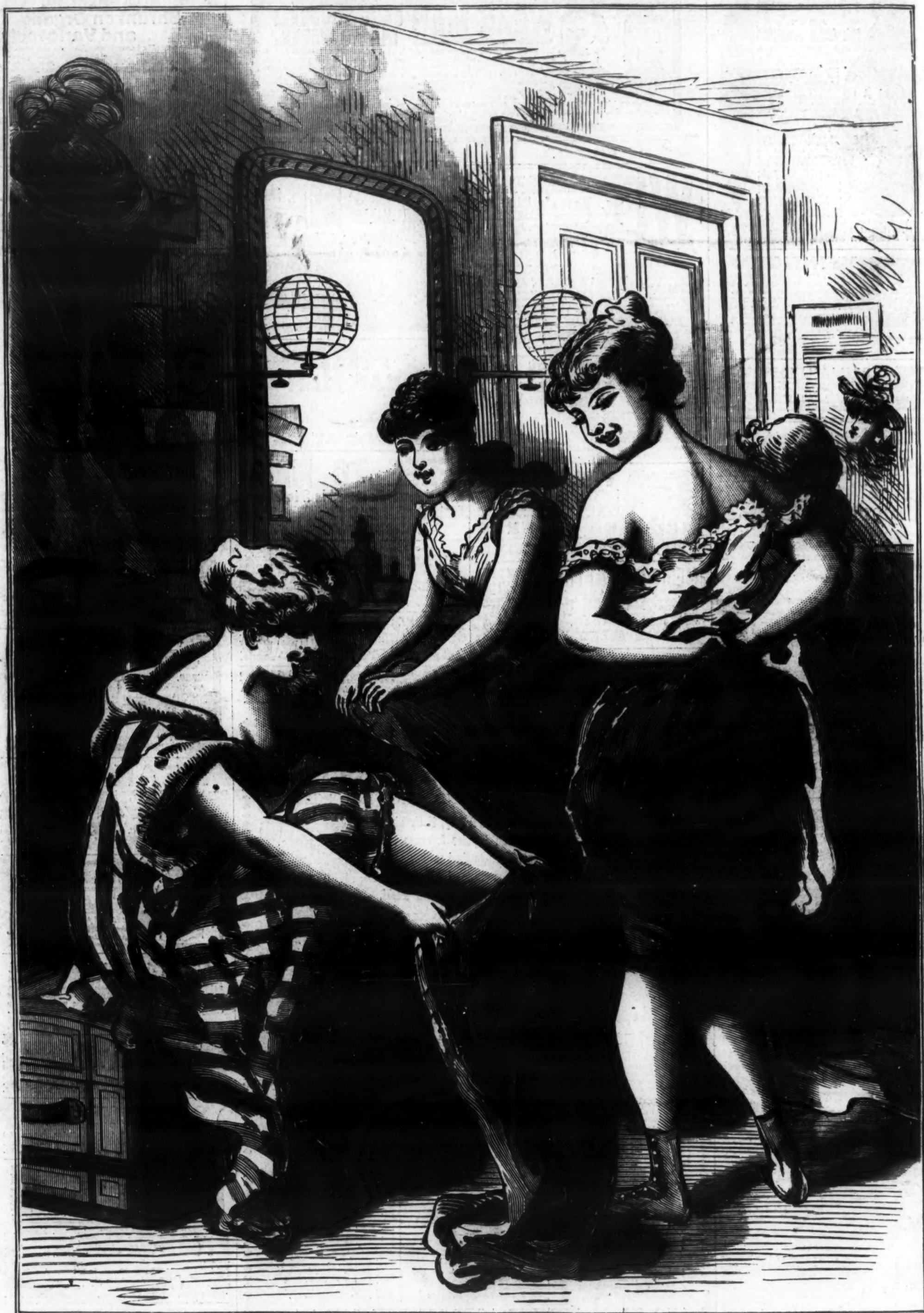
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